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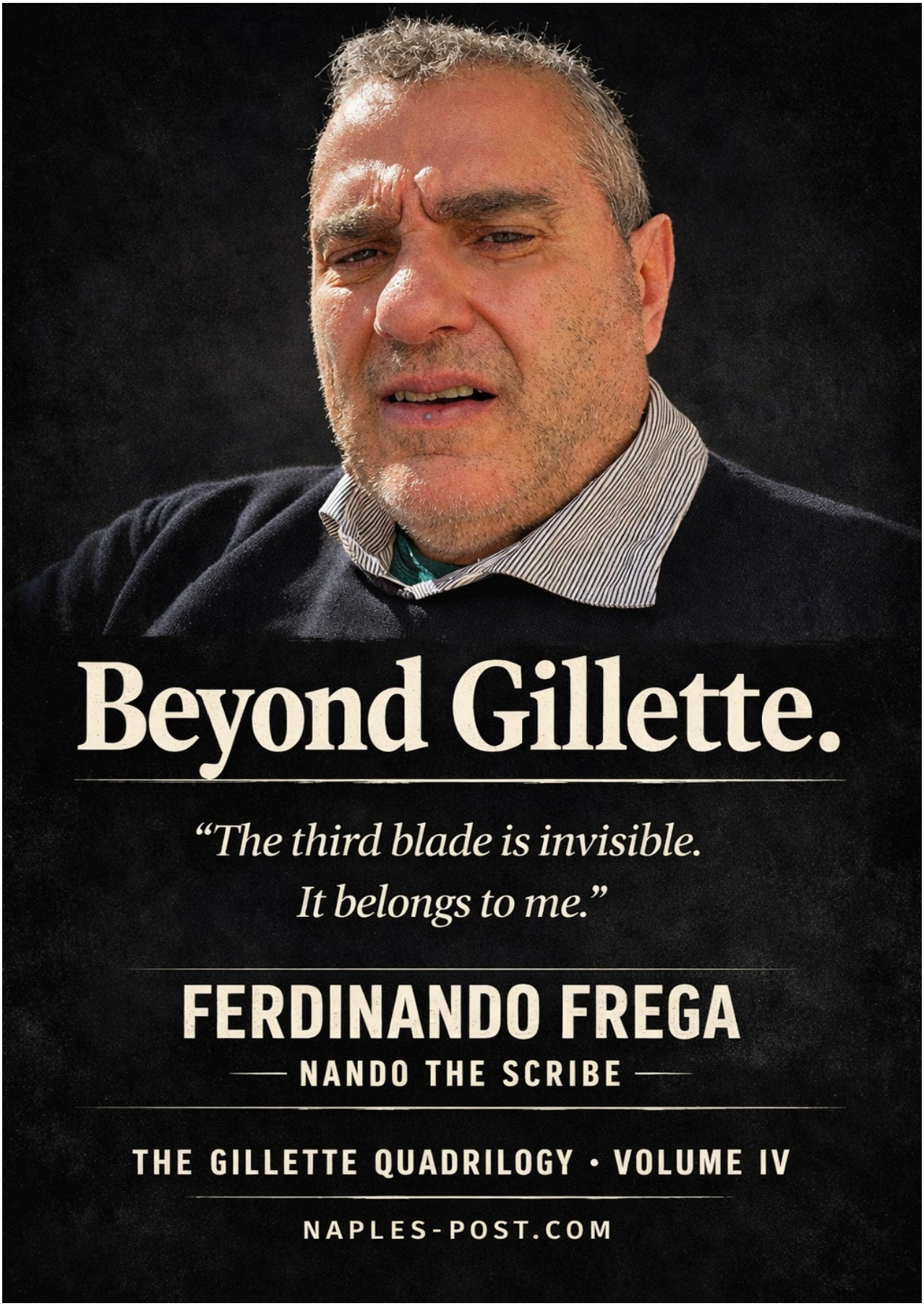

THE LAST MOMENT

BEYOND GILLETTE

“The Third Blade Is Invisible.

It Belong to Me.”

FERDINANDO FREGA

— NANDO THE SCRIBE — フレガ・サン **— Ferdinando**

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COLOPHON

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EDITORIAL NOTE

This is the fourth and final volume of the Gillette Quadrilogy.

by Ferdinando Frega — Nando the Scribe.

The complete sequence:

Volume I — Three Blades. One Gillette. (2026) naples-post.com

Volume II — Brand Narrative Gillette. (2026) naples-post.com

Volume III — Impossible Gillette. (2026) naples-post.com

Volume IV — Beyond Gillette. (2026) naples-post.com

This volume does not close the narrative. It removes the last wall.

BEFORE THE FIRST CUT

Most people spend their lives trying to be accepted by systems they did not build.
Corporate systems.
Editorial systems.
Social systems.
Family systems.

They adapt.
They negotiate.
They wait for recognition.

I never had that patience.

My life was shaped by three blades.

The first belonged to a man who turned a discarded idea into one of the most recognizable names in modern history: **King Camp Gillette**.

The second belonged to my father — forty years inside The Gillette Company — who taught me that discipline does not shout; it calibrates.

The third is invisible.
It belongs to me.
It cuts through industries, identities, countries, failures, success, writing, silence — and systems that still do not know where to place me.

This book is not a celebration of success.
It is not a memoir.
It is not a business manual.
It is not literature seeking approval.

It is the record of what happens when a man stops asking where he belongs and starts building structures that force reality to acknowledge him.

Some names sell products.
Some names disappear.
Some names leave marks long after the hand is gone.

This is the story of three blades.
And why one name was never enough.

THE WORK

Work never scared me, never made me unhappy.
I used to joke with the ones who suffered: *"If you feel like working, jump on me."*
A way to exorcise their misery and show them that, for me, work was just paid entertainment.

They looked at me and did not understand.
I was always smiling, always happy, even when on paper I worked twenty hours a day.
Fatigue was a luxury that had not claimed me yet.

With time I understood why:
a grandfather who was a miner,
a father who sold without ever stopping,
and me — the product of their genes.
I could not have turned out any different.

In my daily expressions, outward and loud, I declared I worked for the best company in the world.
People didn't understand, and I couldn't explain it.
Money was just a consequence of a daily performance between theater and problems — the first made you think, the second forced you to solve.

So I went around the world, over sixty-five countries.
My life as consultant and advisor filled every hour except the night.
Until one day my daughter asked me to come home to Italy.

How could I say no.
It was 2020.
The moment I stepped inside the house, the phone rang — Milan prefix.
A woman's voice: *"I am Dr. Musolino from MERCURY URVAL. We have your résumé. A client of ours is looking for a profile like yours. What is your availability?"*

"Sorry," I said, "I just got back from South America and I'm not sure I understood what your job is."

She laughed, brilliant, sharp, and switched to Spanish:
"Yo busco la cabeza por un trabajo. ¿Entiende?"
I answered: *"Claro que sí."*
We both laughed.

"When can we do a video call?"
"Schedule it on Zoom and send me the link. I am punctual. I am serious."
"We know you are serious. You are the son of the Gillette Group. We collaborated with them for years. But you never passed through us."
"I did not know you worked there. Good chance to meet you now. Whatever happens, it will be a success."

I hung up.
My daughter was frowning.
"What's wrong?"
"Dad, you're married. You just walked in and you are already talking to another woman?"
"Giorgia," I said, "sin does not happen when you talk. Only when you lie down."

We laughed.

THE VIDEO CALL

I showed up well dressed: shaved, clean, watch, light-blue shirt, blue tie… and only boxers underneath.
My wife had moved my pants somewhere in the house and I could not open the suitcase to get another pair.

It was hot.
Honestly, I was not worried.
I was convinced she would never see below my waist.
At least, that is what I thought.

The call started.
She explained the company: a Neapolitan multinational operating across Europe, three branches, 176 vehicles, almost 120 employees.
They needed a manager to run the merchandiser channel and the sales force.

It matched my skills.
But when I asked what sector they were in, she laughed.

“Can we use first names?”
“Sure.”
“I’m Marta.”
“I’m Nando.”

“They are market leaders in the funeral business. Their slogan is: *‘If you die, your spending value increases.’”*

I did not flinch.
I needed to understand what merchandisers had to do with the dead.

The real job was summarized like this:
responsible for the visual layout of the post-mortem display.

I did not get it.
“Sorry, what do I have to do?”
“You coordinate the staff who place the dead in the coffins, dress them, clean them, and make sure they look presentable to the family.”

“And the interesting part is the money,” she added.
“If you accept, the first month is €12,500 plus expenses. No contract. Receipt only.”

“Why no invoice?”
“Good question. They removed that word from their vocabulary. Most deceased, according to their families, were victims of *‘fatture’* — curses, not taxes.
So please, do not mention invoices.”

“Work location?”
“Your choice: Naples, Barcelona, London.
You can start in three days.”

I thought: I have managed the living all my life.
How hard can the dead be?

We said goodbye.
I told her I would go to Naples.
She would send details by email.
I did not have to pay her anything.

“Why not?”
“I will offer today. Next time you are in Milan, invite me to dinner. Even if I am married, for one night I will make myself completely free for you.”

I stood up, thinking the call was over.
She was still online.
She saw me in my boxers.

She exploded in laughter.
“I hope you’re not planning to work like that. They are not ready to pay you that much — and not to see a manager in underwear.”

THE DELIVERY

I arrived at Naples Central Station.
A man in a black jacket and cap held a sign:
sg. FREGA MAN… AGER.

Where am I?

He greeted me.
“We need to make a delivery first, then we go to headquarters.”

We got into a Mercedes 300 CDI — funeral version.
My trolley stayed in front.
No space in the back: the coffin was there.
Our delivery of the day.

We stopped at the residence of the deceased.
A woman said:
“No, the dead is not here at this hour. You will find him at number 38. This is twelve.”

Not Cinecittà.
The Spanish Quarters.
Poverty, crime, irony, survival.

I started laughing.
I knew this would be a unique experience.
Impossible to tell people — they would never believe me.

At the right address, before unloading the coffin, the driver asked:
“Is the dead here?”
The woman answered:
“The party is here.”

“But before unloading, I need to know if they paid for the coffin,” she added.

He called the company.
Confirmed.
A *reverse class* coffin.

I did not understand.
In the car I asked Paolo, the driver:
“What does reverse mean?”

He looked at me.
“It’s like refurbished laptops. A recon coffin. One-year warranty. We picked it up from another funeral warehouse, cleaned it, replaced the lining, sanitized it, and put it back on the market.”

“And the advantage?”
“The family pays half price. They save.
In Naples, they care about these things.”

THE HEADQUARTERS

A roadside house with a huge field around it.
Two warehouses next to it.
Every evening the same truck, same driver, same time, delivered empty coffins.
It made me think — but not worry.

I checked a tag: *Made in Austria*.
Fake.
Real origin: twelve kilometers away, **SECONDIGLIANO.**

Maurizio, the owner, took me to a B&B.
Small studio, functional.
A young, kind, obese Polish maid who watched but did not speak.

I greeted her in Polish the next morning.
She melted.

My wife called.
I did not tell her about the show.
Just that it was serious work.
And I always give everything.
Work is not a game.

Never let the farmer know how good cheese is with pears.

At 2 a.m. Paolo knocked on my door.
“We need to go. A delivery. You must give instructions for your job.”

No one had told me what my job was.

A few kilometers.
A seventy-two-year-old man.
Heart attack.
He needed to be dressed, cleaned, prepared for photos.

“How do we shave him?” they asked.

“Use a DISPOSABLE Gillette.”
They did not have one.
They showed me a Gillette razor they called *the hoe*.
Where the hell am I.

They were about to use a bar of soap for lather.
“Why don’t you use shaving foam?”

“We used PRORASO. 600 ml exclusive offer, price of the 200 ml. Saved money. When it finished, we went back to soap.”

“Go buy an aftershave from the EMULSIONI SERIES. Without circulation, alcohol does not stick to the skin. This one does.”

For clothes, the family had provided the wedding suit.
Used for the two most important days in a man’s life: marriage and death.

Popular philosophy everywhere.
Logic is replaced by necessity.
That’s why real managers do not stay in offices — they live on the territory, where reality breathes.

On the way back, another call.
Another house.
A forty-year-old man, cancer.

“How do we shave him?” the new team asked.

“Go to the market. Buy a MACH3 or a FUSION GILLETTE. A man his age deserves comfort that has no deadlines, wherever he is going. And get a Gillette shaving gel. I will show you — a little on your fingertips and it rises like whipped cream.”

They followed instructions.
Families were happy.
And I realized: even after leaving Gillette, I still sold their products.
I could not help it.
The mother is always with me.

THE NEXT DAY

Every day felt like a play with different actors.
Death looks static to the living — it is not.

A woman came to the office.
Her elderly mother had just died.
Her request surprised me but did not shock me.

The deceased was eighty-three, with strong leg-hair regrowth.
Before closing the coffin, she wanted her mother shaved.

I sent the women’s team.
They were ready to use men’s razors for a female ritual — two worlds that rarely meet, often collide.

Until the ’90s, women used their husbands’ blades.
Then the market created products for women.
Why not create new cultural habits?

I told Vanessa to go to the nearest shop and buy DISPOSABLE AGILITÉ — the ones we used to sell — or VENUS GILLETTE, plus SATIN CARE foam.

Everything was done perfectly.
After seven days, the company had solved their biggest problem: **information**.

Saturday evening, the teams lined up to get paid.
I was in line too.
Then I stepped out, left, and went home to my family.

I had given those people my knowledge.
And I decided it should not be paid.
When something is done for good, money has no reason to exist.

Because that is who I am.

Nando

MY OWN FUNERAL

I had always preferred skipping funerals. Remembering people for who they were, not for how they were boxed and shipped, I felt more dignified. But this time I could not avoid attending. It was *my* funeral.

Six poor bastards carried the coffin. My daughter refused the classic black suit and dressed me in a tracksuit instead. “Wherever you’re going, you should stay comfortable,” she said. Tennis shoes included. And my phone, skillfully placed in a little pouch. A picnic kit for the afterlife.

The hearse was comfortable enough, though the rear-left shock absorber needed serious help. Every pothole made my left testicle slip out of the briefs. There was no light inside the coffin, so I could not fix it. A breeze of fresh air in the darkness of eternity.

At the church entrance they placed me on four wooden beams. My only concern: had they positioned me right, or would I roll off like a sack of potatoes? Then I remembered: I was already on the floor of life, dead.

The priest spoke. Some truths, many inventions. Then the parade of people reading things about me. Until an old woman approached, kissed the coffin, and asked: “Can I kiss him before you put him inside?”

A friend stood up and said: “My husband always asked me the same thing before putting it inside. One last kiss.” Ahahahah.

Ceremony over. Only me and the driver left for the cemetery. The address was written directly on the coffin: *Condera Cemetery, mortuary wing, lot forty-five, stage 23, second floor, first niche.* Impossible to get it wrong. Humanity had evolved: no more male or female sections. Just dead people. Efficient.

He delivered me, waved, and left. And I thought: *Now what do I do?*

Two ladies—dead for a few years—passed by and invited me for a coffee break while the Funeral Syndicate Council approved the new rules for newcomers.

I was curious, but tired. A new role, a new asset, something to learn so the world could say only one thing:

I was curious, but exhausted.
I had been dead for less than a day and they were already giving me paperwork.
Even eternity had onboarding procedures.

Nando

ALDILA' STREET, NY CITY

The night before everything happened, I ate a bit heavy. Fried peppers with potatoes, a one-kilo pork shank, two glasses of red wine, and—just to close with elegance—a bowl of borlotti bean salad.

It was May 7th, 2058. I was only ninety-three, but I did not show it—meaning I did not advertise it. A proper Calabrian: reserved, not secretive. That was my way of being. That was me.

Ahahahah.

Then it happened: I saw my body still lying in bed, and I was outside of it, watching. I walked toward the desk to turn it on and author a story—I had made that for so long it had become my favorite pastime. But my hands no longer commanded the visible elements.

I was dead. I was on my way to the afterlife.

The first question I asked myself was not who I would meet, nor how I would get there. No. The only thing stuck in my mind was: **how would the people who knew me react to my departure?**

I could already picture them.

"About time." —The ones who had always endured me.

"It's one of his tricks." —The pessimists.

"Another way to narrate his life." —The WordPress crowd.

The AIs would not react at all.

Relatives and friends? They had already crossed this frontier before me. I was simply catching up.

A hand on my shoulder signaled that someone had come to pick me up. And we started flying—or at least that is what I thought. But not like birds, not like airplanes, not like anything we have ever imagined. No angel wings, no cinematic ascension. All that was just the format they had sold us.

The passage was quite different.

I turned to look at the hand on my shoulder, and we were already in the new house.

Better than FedEx delivering packages. Ahahahah.

A man at the entrance was doing the check-in, and I had my number to enter.

The “take-a-number” machine had been abolished here. Anything resembling a queue represented the devil, and the only representatives allowed were the ones who had done that job in life. Nothing more.

My turn arrived, and the welcoming phrase was:

“Oh no, we finally managed to get you here. Twelve times, twelve attempts. Who are you?”

No one in particular. Just someone you do not expect.

Nando

SEQUEL I

Well, I had arrived in this place, known only to the widow's sons — at least when I was alive. But now what was supposed to happen? What events? I was looking for the CEO but could not find him.

A woman passed by, well dressed, very polite. She did not stop. She left a folded note on the nearest surface and kept walking.

I opened it. Room. Time. The Pioneering Room, 11:00.

No map. I already had the tools.

Only the last period of my life — just 35 years — was under review. I got lucky. The rest of the bullshit I had done had expired. I would not have to justify or explain anything.

I do not know how to drive, no car, no walking — but I found myself inside the room. And who do I find sitting around the board table?

I bet you will never believe it, even if you try.

It is me at 5 years old. And I started crying — not from emotion, but because I could not understand how I had arrived, or at what age.

A familiar question echoed:

"Do you remember when I asked you if you were willing to live until 93?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And later, when I asked if you were ready to suffer watching your loved ones leave before you?"

"Yes," I answered.

"You continue to be extremely coherent. I told the CEO, but he did not believe me. And now we do not know where to assign your lodging."

Dante wrote Divine Comedy, but he did not foresee your category. Not even Bezos with Amazon managed it. And Google crashed for almost 30 years.

"We understand perfectly but give us time. We ask you to stay on standby."

Standby. I thought it was a marketing term. Then I wondered if it was also a Kamasutra position. We were in the afterlife, and I still had not studied this idiom.

Nando

SEQUEL II

Time works differently here. I noticed it when I tried to count how long I had been waiting and found the number kept changing direction.

Then a voice — not hers this time. Just a voice, from no point in the room.

"Room 2. 1:00 p.m."

I did not ask how to get there. I already had the tools.

The commission had gathered to decide what to do with me. After a long session, they delivered the verdict:

"You have official mandate to create the ETERNITY version of ONEDOLLAR.STORIE. ALDILA.' On one condition."

"What condition?"

"Before you publish, we must read the stories."

I had experienced something similar before, but this was the last place to remain. And I had to make a calm decision.

So, I asked: "What do I get in return?"

"What do you want?"

"Just 1 USD."

Nando

SEQUEL III

At some point I wondered why I was not hungry, why I did not shower, shave, or do my usual morning routine. How stupid I was — it became obvious immediately: I did not have a body, so what was I supposed to maintain?

No one else was visible. But everyone was simply reserved, and behind every soul there was a mission they did not advertise.

Then the ceiling spoke. Or the floor. Direction is irrelevant here.

"Frega."

And I replied: "Excuse me, but if the body is gone, how did you manage to keep the surname?"

The voice snapped back, annoyed: "If we already cannot categorize you, cannot place you anywhere, you want us to erase the only reference we have? Then how do we identify you?"

"Fine. Tell me what I can do for you."

"We have received notice that in the next seven earthly days, some of the most famous billionaires will arrive here."

"Visiting?" I asked.

"Here we do not do Shareholding, nor Wall Street Eternity. Just the occasional takeover bid, but that does not concern you. They are coming because their timing is up. But we need your consultancy as a funeral supervisor. You must observe and report what people say and think about them after death, and how they behave."

"What do you offer me for this operation?"

"The usual: 1 USD."

"Not this time."

"What do you want then?"

"To be reborn poor, like before. But this time truly in America. No mistakes."

"Why?"

"There is one thing I miss more than anything on Earth."

"Women?"

"No."

"Then what?"

"The smell of manholes when the steam rises. That is home. That is my place."

Nando

SEQUEL IV

They handed me the list, and I was honestly surprised that all these billionaires had died together. How was I supposed to narrate them one by one? It wanted to stand inside the International Monetary Fund, and so I asked for a waiver: one report at a time.

And for personal reasons, I would start with Uncle Warren — he had owned my Gillette, I owed him that courtesy.

Then I would move on to the others. But what you are about to hear is peculiar, and it teaches only one thing: we are nothing but a temporary container, not a time that contains anything.

- **funeral of Jeff Bezos** → money, power, legacy, media
- **funeral of Bill Gates** → technology, control, philanthropy, intelligence

- **funeral of Elon Musk** → cult of personality, chaos, fanboys, Mars
- **funeral of Warren Buffett** → old capital, succession, silence
- **funeral of Donald Trump** → total spectacle, factions, media circus

Enjoy reading.

Nando

SEQUEL V

Funeral of Warren Buffett → old capital, succession, silence

It was held behind closed doors. They expected only a handful of people — after all, with Berkshire he had been nothing more than the container of a few men holding a lot of money, and he had never really run a commercial enterprise, at least not directly.

Those who inevitably filled the room were journalists and press, a couple of colleagues, two real friends, relatives, and the inevitable lifelong secretary — the one he never slept with. All of them ready to grab a comma and turn it into an article, a note, an event inside the event. Luckily, none of them tried to author a book.

Uncle Warren, as always, had anticipated them all. And when he spoke, they listened — the way you listen to a grandfather who gathers the grandkids and tells them about the animals of the savannah in microscopic detail. Except his savannah was his Nebraska office, and almost nobody knew it.

Someone, whispering without moving their lips, asked the neighbor whether it made sense to keep that stock or sell it — an instinct without cure. And the master's advice was always the same: if you are not willing to watch your money lose value in the market, stay home, and put it under the bed. It will lose value anyway, but at least you will always know what is left.

During the priest's homily, a letter arrived — just hours earlier — and he insisted on reading it himself:

We will never forget you. You were and remain the index of our lives, and your teachings have already been passed on to the new generations. Because you are, and will always be, the man who said: if it is raining outside and you want to collect water, never go out with a colander.

Goodbye, Uncle.

Nando

Built by Gillette. Still your loyal nephew, Uncle Warren.

SEQUEL VI

Funeral of Elon Musk — personality cult, chaos, fanboys, Mars

I expected a bigger crowd. Instead, I found managers who looked almost relieved — as if Elon had been a difficult meal to digest, a rich dish that kept coming back up. A poor man with too much money. That was the silent headline.

In the whispered conversations, the same refrain: his mother — model, cleaning lady — and how destiny had crowned the Boy as the richest man on Earth, yet he never had a steady woman to leave it all to. Hybrid, like his company. Half genius, half glitch.

The journalists were there, of course. The media circus never misses a funeral with ratings potential. The ritual was the usual one — cameras, murmurs, the smell of wet flowers.

But the priest… the priest was the real plot twist.

When he spoke of Elon, he said: “He was a loyal friend. He once helped me replace the battery in my Tesla and gave me a 2% discount. Thanks to that moment, I became a priest. And that is why I am here with him today.”

We did not know whether to laugh, cry, or call a psychiatrist. Because right then, **Sam Altman** burst in — eyes red, voice cracked — threw himself on the coffin and shouted:

“You son of a bitch. You sued me for 130 billion dollars. You lost. And you did not even give me the satisfaction of reading you the verdict.”

Between the wreaths, one stood out: a single carnation sent from the White House. No one ever discovered the sender. Or everyone knew and pretended not to.

His Twitter — turned into X, turned into an enigma — was his signature. Marked him the day he was born and the day he left.

Nando

SEQUEL VII

Funeral of Jeff Bezos → money, power, legacy, media

I state with absolute serenity that this was the funeral that intrigued me the most — not for **money**, not for **power**, not for **legacy**, not for **media** — but because the centralized management had never allowed any projection toward the number two of the empire, a man who had financial and fiscal bugs scattered around the world and who was being watched by governments and tolerated only because of the high number of people he employed in his infrastructures.

But this lack of clarity was also reflected inside the accounts — never certain, never documented — they gave references and numbers but never probatory documentation.

And so, on the editorial front, a small literary exodus had begun toward independence, affirming *better few and secure than many and doubtful.*

But people inside the church were distracted, talking about other funerals of other people, and my ear caught a group of women saying: *“Did you hear? The Italian scribe died too — the one who wrote AMERICA and spoke the languages of the world, the famous 225 idioms. The one we all loved because he gave without asking for money in return.”*

Well, that struck me. It was one of those **post-mortem successes** that humans usually do not recognize immediately and with immediate effect. It only takes one woman not to forget you — and then the virus starts.

Of Jeff, the priest said: *“We were both balding. He by choice, me too.”*

Safe travels.

Nando

SEQUEL VIII

Funeral of Donald Trump → total spectacle, factions, media circus

The American Grizzly — that is what I used to call him — managed, even in death, to stay at the center. A creature born for the spotlight, incapable of stepping aside, even when the curtain had already fallen.

We had lived through unusual years. He stretched America beyond its own borders, turned fifty states into fifty states plus two hundred and seven ambitions, then pulled back. A rare act of restraint — or just destiny pausing to breathe.

There was the Venezuelan chapter, when Maduro fell in a scene that looked more like cinema than history. Then the brief fascination with Greenland. Then the Indian Ocean, as if following a private compass only he could read.

He always moved the horizon a little further, even when no one asked.

Between the wreaths, one stood out — a single carnation. No sender's name. Either no one knew, or everyone knew and chose silence.

His Twitter, turned into X, turned into an enigma, was his real signature. It marked him the day he entered the room, and again the day he left.

Goodbye, Mr. President.

Nando

SEQUEL IX

Funeral Of Bill Gates → Technology, Control, Philanthropy, Intelligence

The fortunes in life are not built — they are **accepted** and then **managed** with the right grip. Bill was exactly that: an opportunity used well, a way of being that becomes a style, a class, something you simply cannot forget.

I will never forget the first time I met him outside the campus. I did not know who he was, he accidentally bumped into me, and since I was young and stupid, I was about to hit him. But he — farsighted, attentive, a man of virtue and sharp cognition — looked at me and said: *"Kid, pay for two beers, I've got no money."* So, I pulled out twenty dollars, and the girl took the picture.

What a **son of a bitch** — only to discover years later who he was.

Walking into his funeral hit me like walking into a family gathering, except I was not part of his inheritance, and I had never had any ambition toward it. People kept whispering who he was, what he was, and behind that calm, composed air of his, there was a man whose generosity went far beyond the visible.

During the homily, the priest said: *"Thanks to him, we've digitized the church, and now confessions are secretly recorded and sent directly to the Pope."* A timid murmur spread among the attendees — until he added he was joking: *"They do not go to Rome. They go straight to the CIA."*

The journalists were unusually polite. Many had worked for him, and all of them kept asking for silence, because inside that suspended time, **Bill's coffin was speaking**.

Goodbye, my friend.

Nando

NY CITY — EPILOGUE

In the end, everything closes like this: no fanfare, no applause, no one walking you to the door. Just you, your name written somewhere, and a corridor that refuses to end.

Knowing what people say when you die is a privilege no one should have. It ruins the romantic idea of the end. It shows you that truth always arrives late when it is useless.

I walked between the coffins like an employee of the afterlife, with the task of authoring a report no one will ever read. And when the decision about me finally came, I did not hesitate: **I chose to return as a woman.** The strongest, the sharpest, the most strategic. They let the world call them weak just to see who falls for it.

Then they asked where I wanted to be reborn. I did not let them finish: **America.** Any state, any city. I only wanted one guarantee: that this time the shipment would be managed by professionals, and that at delivery they would ask for a signature.

So, I will know I truly arrived. In the place where I will live, and where I will die again. With the same calm, the same irony, the same short step as always.

End.

Nando

NOTE

“We had one thing in common — and do not foolishly think it was money. We were all dead, but only the ones who told the story would never be forgotten.”